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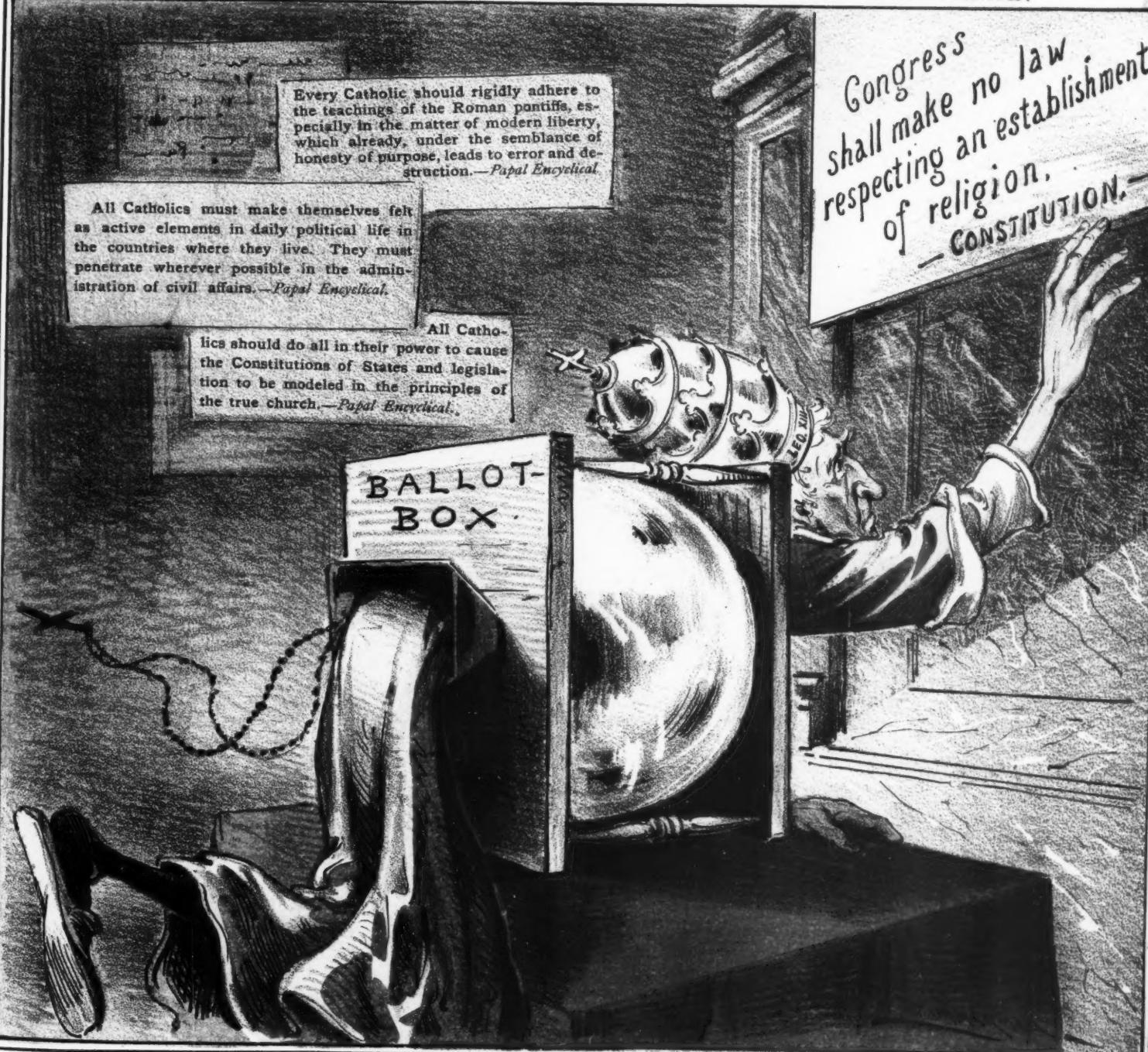
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All Catholics must make themselves felt as active elements in daily political life in the countries where they live. They must penetrate wherever possible in the administration of civil affairs.—*Papal Encyclical*.

All Catholics should do all in their power to cause the Constitutions of States and legislation to be modeled in the principles of the true church.—*Papal Encyclical*.

Congress
shall make no law
respecting an establishment
of religion.
CONSTITUTION.



AT IT AGAIN!
Through the Ballot-box to the Constitution.

PUCK.

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UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF - JOS. KEPPLER
BUSINESS-MANAGER - - - A. SCHWARZMANN
EDITOR - - - H. C. BUNNER

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

If it amuses our Democratic friends, they are quite at liberty to go on burying the Mugwump. It is none of our funeral, so long as we do not have to provide the corpse. And the Mugwump is not at present in the corpse business, and has no intention of taking up that line of employment. His obituary is printed daily in every Bourbon paper, Republican or Democratic. But a ton of obituaries will not keep him down when he gets ready to rise up and assert himself.

* * *

There is a painful surprise in store for the Bourbons on both sides when the Mugwump next feels the necessity of appearing at the polls. It is with a view to diminishing the shock of this surprise that we would gently suggest to our Democratic friends that they are a little premature in their joy over the decease of the Mugwump. He is not dead. He is not even seriously ill. Why should he be? On account of the unfortunate result of the last election? But the last election, brethren, was your fight and the Republican party's fight. If it had been the Mugwump's fight, it would have turned out differently. But it was not. If you will kindly pause in the construction of that funeral pyre which we are not going to occupy, you may reflect that there was no Mugwump candidate in the field, and that the candidate who of the two nominated was the more acceptable to the Mugwumps was running on a distinctly anti-Mugwump basis. Do you think that such conditions as these are likely to test the Mugwump strength?

* * *

It might be worth your while to ask yourself whether, after all, Mr. Davenport was not defeated by the Mugwumps. It might even be worth your while to look at the situation in the calm light of reason. You cannot yell quite so cheerfully if you do this, but it may save you a

severe drop when the day comes for your pride to fall. Let us see, brethren, how this thing stands for you; let us take counsel together as brothers. Two weeks after Mr. Davenport's nomination, it looked very bleak for Mr. Hill, didn't it? You will own that, of course. You are Democratic and pig-headed; but you probably know how the betting stood. And why was it bleak for Mr. Hill? Because the Independent or Mugwump vote was supposed to belong to Mr. Davenport. And if the Mugwump vote were but the merest handful, it might suffice to turn the balance in a close election. So you were all pretty well frightened about Mr. Hill, weren't you?

* * *

But a week before the election, you had grown decidedly cocky and confident. Why? Because there had been a sudden and miraculous increase of life-long Democrats? No. Because you knew that the Independent vote was no longer in Mr. Davenport's pocket. And now, in your wild glee over the result of the election, you have entirely forgotten that little fact, and you assume that the figures of the returns represent the proportion of life-long Democrats to the combined Republicans and Independents.

* * *

The fact is, the Independent voters cannot be bought and sold, bribed and bullied, driven and delivered by or for any candidate. The very essence of their strength is their independence; and they will not let their organization develop into a political machine. They staid away from the polls at the last election because they were disgusted. They disliked the platform upon which Mr. Davenport stood, and when it appeared that to vote for Davenport might imply approval of the blatant and vicious extravagance of Logan and Foraker, they lost all interest in electing the Republican candidate. They made no fixed opposition to Mr.

Davenport; but they simply staid away from the polls and left the wavers of the bloody shirt to fight it through for themselves. That is, they preserved their independence of action. But they are not ready to be buried yet, for all that.

* * *

The Queen of England may follow the custom of some of her predecessors, and sign herself "By the Grace of God, Queen of Great Britain, Ireland and France"; but it would not materially affect the government of France. Even so His Holiness the Pope may from time to time remind his faithful children that he owns the earth and that it is their duty to possess themselves of it; but the earth will not tremble as it might have trembled four or five hundred years ago. Nobody, except Mr. Eugene Lawrence, really fears that the Government of the United States will ever fall into the hands of the Roman Catholic Church. But, it cannot be denied, there are possibilities of mischief in such utterances as the last Papal Encyclical. Catholics are urged to mix in politics, as *Catholics*; and this is a temptation to conscienceless politicians to stir up sectarian strife. We do not want the quarrels of religion brought into our politics. It will be a bad day for the country when such a thing happens. It will also be a bad day for the men who bring it about.

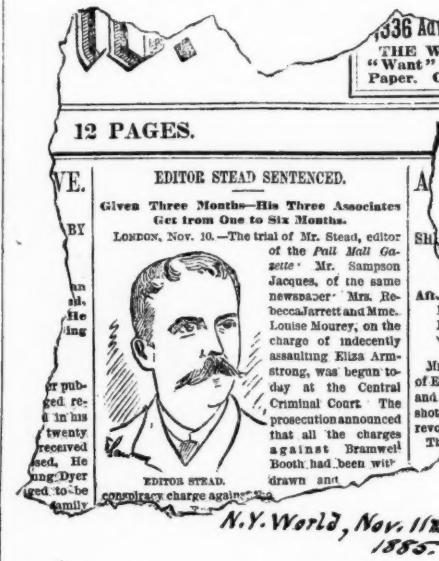
ONCE on a time a wise man
Said, with a weary sigh:
"Rather than be bald-headed,
I'd greatly prefer to die."

Soon a malignant fever
Tucked him into his bed,
And when he got up, a door-knob
Looked very much like his head.

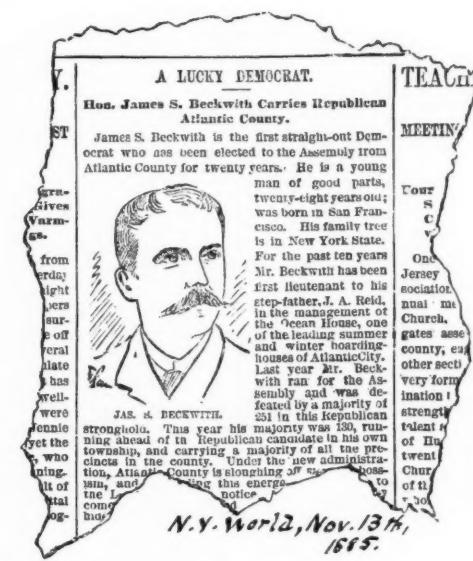
Still unto life he's clinging,
And when he is taken sick,
He sends at once for the doctor,
And sends for him pretty quick.

If you have any doubts regarding the truth of this little golden legend, you may set your mind at rest on the subject by purchasing a copy of *PICKINGS FROM PUCK*. Price, twenty-five cents. Of all newsdealers.

"ILLUSTRATED JOURNALISM."



A LITTLE TRIBUTE TO THE INGENUITY AND ENTERPRISE OF OUR E. C., THE N. Y. *World*.



WIT MISPLACED.

"Ma, I don't like the teacher in our school."
"Why not, Johnnie? I thought she was so kind to you."

"Well, she used to be, but she don't appreciate my genius."

"Good gracious, Johnnie! What do you mean?"

"Why, I'm a-cultivating my genius. I'm a-going to be a great American humorist. So to-day, when the teacher asked me where they sent Napoleon into exile, I just gave her a witty answer."

"Where did you say they sent him into exile?"

"I said, 'To Philadelphia, because that's where people are buried alive.'"

"And what then?"

"Why, she made me stand on a chair with an A-B-C book in my hand and a fool's-cap on my head. She was born in Philadelphia, I found out."



ADVICE TO JOHN HENRY.

I have a letter from my friend John Henry. He tells me that he has read somewhere in the papers that the Board of Supervisors of Tombstone, Arizona, are offering two dollars and a half each for the scalps of hostile Apaches, and he is thinking of going out there to become a scalp-gatherer for profit. He has figured it that twenty scalps, at two dollars and a half each, would amount to fifty dollars, and that an active man ought to average that many per day; but he fears that the work would require more exertion than he has been accustomed to. He prefers a sedentary life, does my friend John Henry, and he fears that he could not gather an average of twenty, or even fifteen hostile Apache scalps per day without going out and stirring around some. He wants a chunk or two of advice from my advice dispensary in reference to this business.

You are partly right in your conclusions, my dear John Henry. You could not pick twenty scalps off the hostile Apaches in a day without hustling about a little. You might have to work yourself into a perspiration, and mayhap you would burst off a suspender-button or two, before you could shoulder your twenty scalps at set of sun and go home warbling a gay snatch of song.

There are some advantages connected with the business of a professional hostile scalper, John Henry, but it is not sedentary. It is hardly sedentary enough. If you have a weakness for a sedentary life you will not like it. You may have to go out and hunt for hostile Apaches, but usually you will find them. If you do not find them they will find you. That is one advantage, John Henry.

In lifting the scalp of a hostile Apache great caution should be used, especially if the hostile Apache is alive. The hostile Apache does not like to be scalped. His aversion to having his hair lifted by a white man and a total stranger is one of the most marked characteristics of his wild, untutored nature. All attempts to persuade him that he looks better without a scalp than with one have thus far failed, and you can rest assured, John Henry, that when you meet a hostile Apache, and mention that you are a professional scalper and want his hair for the

Board of Supervisors, he will not tamely submit; and if you get his scalp, you will have to force him.

If you could steal upon the hostile Apache and scalp him when he wasn't looking, or distract his thoughts in some way, so that he would not interfere while you were doing your work, all might be well; but to do that would require great skill and tact and considerable practice. The Apache would recognize your unpractised touch while you were trying to scalp him, and he would see you, I fear, John Henry—I am almost sure he would see you.

The business of a professional hostile scalptaker is somewhat exciting, and it is not overcrowded, John Henry. That is another advantage—there is so much room up front. It would give you some fine opportunities to study red human nature, and, as you say, it would pay fairly well if you could take an average of twenty scalps a day.

But, to be candid with you, John Henry, I fear your tastes are too sedentary for a successful professional hostile scalper. I opine that before you had persuaded one hostile Apache that he would look more *en rige* without hair on his head, you would be wanting to come home. However, if you are disposed to try it, after what I have said, John Henry, I am sure your friends will gladly make up the amount necessary to pay your fare to the field of your proposed labors; and if you do not come back, friend of mine, I, for one, will try to worry along through the dark and dismal future without you.

And ere you go, if you do go, let me whisper one word of caution into your wealth of ear: Wear your own hair short—wear it extremely short, John Henry—and don't go too close to the hostile Apaches when you scalp them.

SCOTT WAY.

SITTING BULL seems to have made considerable progress in civilization since he went into the museum business. The first time he went to a hotel, he spread his napkin on his chair and sat down on it. Last week he visited a hotel at Bismarck, D. T., and, after writing his name in the register, threatened to scalp the clerk unless he was given a room on the parlor floor, next to the bar.

"OPERA SUNG BY AMERICANS."—We cull the following list of American Artists from the Circular of the American School of Opera. The words in parenthesis give our guesses at the respective states of the Union from which these American artists hail. Pauline l'Allemand, (Ohio,) Kate Bensberg, (Dakota,) Emma Juch, (Germany,) Mathilde Müllenbach, (Idaho,) Albert Paulet, (Maine,) William Candidus, (Vermont,) William H. Hamilton, (England,) Edward J. O'Mahony, (Sweden,) Theodore Thomas, (Germany,) Gustav Hinrichs, (Spain,) William Hock, (Germany,) Marnert Bibeyran, (France,) Alfred Godchaux, (France,) August Dornbrach, (New Jersey,) Alfred Fredericks, (England,) Mario Bragaldi, (Ireland,) Hughson Hawley, (England,) T. de Thulstrup, (Siberia,) William Voeghtlin, (Avenue A,) Philip W. Goatcher, (England,) Felicità Carozzi, (Kentucky,) Théodora de Gillert, (Tennessee,) Romilda Vio, (Vermont,) Bossi, (Missouri,) Carra, (Iowa,) Falugi, (Idaho,) and Coralli, (Texas.)

HALL'S *Journal of Health* has a little article describing the snake-dance, a sort of whirling recreation indulged in by the Mogul Indians of Arizona. A full description is given of what the Indians wear and how they paint, and, strange as it may seem, the catalogue of trapings does not include any kind of intoxicating liquor.

Puckerings.

Old November's coldly blowing,
Angeline,
Ulsters o'er our beds we're throwing,
Angeline,
All the leaflets crisp are curling,
And the pumpkin-pie's unfurling,
Angeline.

Now the wind's a lively piper,
Angeline,
Now the turkey's getting riper,
Angeline,
And the frost has put a veto
On the musical mosquito,
Angeline.

In the sky there hangs a sickle,
Angeline,
And the pig's feet are in pickle,
Angeline,
And each farmer now is blowing
Of the largest squashes growing,
Angeline.

On the fence the squirrel taries,
Angeline,
Up the tree his food he carries,
Angeline,
And the birds away are flying,
And the year is sort o' dying,
Angeline.

What makes a quilt so crazy,
Angeline?
Oh, this singing makes me lazy,
Angeline,
And I'll stop this poem solemn,
Ere it grows unto a column,
Angeline.

PRETTY WELL OFF—The Leaves.

THE OLD SCRATCH—L. E. Myers.

"WHAT I TOLD MY WIFE," is the title of a new book. It is almost needless to say that it is fiction.

THE JEALOUSY of unsuccessful authors is proverbial. It stops at nothing. It is now charged that G. W. Cable plays the banjo.

A NANTUCKET COTTAGER recently swallowed a thousand-dollar pearl in an oyster. He now thinks of having himself set in gold and selling himself for a solitaire ear-ring.

THE LATE Governor Coburn, of Maine, who left a fortune of about two million dollars, was never married. There are probably other reasons for his great wealth, though.

ROBERT BONNER says that men who drive are never ill-natured. This proves conclusively that Mr. Bonner never attempted to beat a hackman's price down at the end of a midnight ride.

THE spectacle of Prof. Sumner, of Yale College, attempting to convince a gathering of king-killers that there is a relation between capital and labor is an amusing one, when we consider that the Professor depended upon "hard facts," as he termed it, for a basis for his theories. Prof. Sumner informed these gentle disciples of Herr Most that they could not succeed, because they did not have money, and that there was no such thing as equality among men, which is exactly the state of affairs the Communists have set out to remedy. Apropos of Herr Most's doctrine of extermination of kings and capitalists, the Professor said that he did not want to kill any one, nor be killed himself, which is not a very effective argument against Herr Most's sanguinary precepts. Herr Most should be shot in the back—with a baked apple.

THE CHICAGO STOCK-YARD POETS.

Those pessimists who have dared to assert that this is an age of literary degeneracy, and that our most gifted men and women of letters fail to rise above the dull plane of mediocrity, are crushingly and overwhelmingly rebuked and put to confusion by a recent issue of *Goodall's Daily Sun*. This remarkable journal is published, according to the date-line, at the Union Stock-Yards, Chicago, Ill., but the intimations of envious would-be detractors from Mr. Goodall's fame that it is edited in a contiguous abattoir are as malicious as they are without foundation. Mr. Goodall has won a distinction achieved as yet by few mortals. He has founded a new school of poetry. Far away in the limitless West, within the romantic environment of the stock-yards, he has gathered together a group of gifted men and women, the cadence of whose songs steals o'er the senses as soft and sweet and melodious as tinkles the golden bell of the stock-yard's freight-engine.

The stock-yard poets are above the conventionalities that have hitherto nailed the wings of Genius to the barn-door of commonplace. They even rise above reason, and soar, bold and unterrified, beyond the confines of rhythm. Theirs is no gaudered Pegasus—if we may be allowed to change the metaphor a trifle abruptly—to limp o'er the dung-hill of rhyme and eat the musty hay of precedent. He is a war-horse who scents the battle from afar and saith, "Ho! ho!" among the trumpets.

Verses of romance, sentiment, love, despair, tragedy, comedy, pathos, flow from the brilliant stylographs of Mr. Goodall's poets. One of the most beautiful of these gems of thought is set in the pure gold of Mr. Eugene Little's imagery. He writes thus of "Friendship" to Mr. Goodall:

"Ah, friendship's like the changing sky,
And love is like the ebb and flow
Of the sea that flows 'twixt you and I,
The waters sighing low."

What bold metaphors! What grandeur of conception! What lofty contempt of the petty restraints of English grammar! Mr. Little sweeps gracefully through three more stanzas of equal beauty, and winds up with this little reproach:

"And oh, I deemed you best of all—
Alas! the dream is past;
And welcome would be Death's grim
call
If life were o'er at last."

What Mr. Goodall has done within these three verses to thus forfeit the poet's friendship and good opinion we confess we are unable to imagine; but there is a certain weird satisfaction in the thought of Mr. Little welcoming Death's grim call when life is over that is irresistible.

Miss Minnie C. Ballard, another stock-yard poet—or poetess—writes thus to Mr. Goodall from Troy, Pennsylvania:

"Sweet love, again our lips are meeting
In happy, soft, delirious pain;
The kisses fall in frequent greeting,
Like summer's tender am'rous rain."

As Miss Minnie speaks in the present tense, we infer that her language is figurative, since it

would be manifestly inconvenient to inflict her caresses upon Mr. Goodall and write poetry at the same time; but we would suggest, nevertheless, to the fair Trojan that if it is her frequent practice to perform this operation with the degree of enthusiasm pictured, she would do well to keep quiet about it. It is not considered good form in literary circles to place so much stress upon such occurrences, and we beg to remind Miss Minnie that it needed all the iron resolution of a Connecticut nickel-plater to brave wedlock with the Poetess of Passion.

It is not, however, without sympathy that we consider the misfortunes of Miss Lilla N. Cushman, of Ansonia, Connecticut, who addresses Mr. Goodall pathetically thus:

"I stand upon despair's dark, dismal brink!
Nor sun nor stars illumine my once fair sky;
Be merciful! Oh, let this cup pass by,
Lest hopeless 'neath the blow so sore I sink."

It is obvious, from the context, that Mr. Goodall owes Miss Lilla for some of her previous poetry, and that she despairs of ever receiving an emolument therefor—in which position Mr. Goodall should be upheld—but the allusion to the *America's* cup is so vague that we scarcely gather its full import.

However, Miss Lilla's emotion subsides in a degree before she topples over the somewhat

dismal brink, for she sings, further along, thus sentimentally of clouds:

"Floating clouds! How like one's life they seem—
To-day, as evanescent as a dream;
To-morrow, heavy with their weight of rain,
Like one's heart, big with fear's portentous train."

This beautiful fancy appeals more strongly to the medical profession than to the general reader, since so peculiar an enlargement of the heart has seldom been treated successfully, and many surgeons would gladly avail themselves of the opportunity to perform an operation free of charge, merely for the sake of the experiment. We would advise Miss Lilla to submit to a surgical operation; and if it should prove fatal to her, we trust that we shall be enabled to bear the blow with fortitude, and even resignation.

Mr. Fred Shelly Ryman, another of the stock-yard group, is moved to sing by the suggestion of a very dear ladifrend,* who wishes him to write a reply to Oliver Wendell Holmes's recent poem, entitled "An Old Song." A writer of less genius might shrink from measuring swords—even when the other's back is turned—with the great author and poet; but, conscious of his own power, Mr. Ryman dashes thus into the fray:

"Forever, aye, forevermore,
Without restraint or rest,
Love sits supreme o'er every theme
That haunts the human breast."

The poem is headed "The Eternal Romance"; but there is obviously a mistake somewhere, since the verses do not refer to any such topic. It is probable that the head was moved over from another "galley," through an error in the composing-room. We regret that space positively forbids our presenting the remainder of Mr. Ryman's beautiful poem; but we confidently assure the reader that the other three verses are but little worse than the first. His crediting a quotation from Scott to Byron is probably a mere slip of the pen, and should not be too severely censured. Mr. Ryman, it should be remembered, *writes* poetry, and cannot be expected to agitate his vacuum over the vagaries of other bards.

That a brilliant, even fiery future is before the stock-yard poets there is little reason to doubt, and we sincerely congratulate Mr. Goodall and them upon their escape, so far, from the hands of a Chicago vigilance-committee.

* We take the liberty of revising Mr. Ryman's etymology from the obsolete construction, "lady friend."

IT IS now rumored that Logan, Jones and Battenberg have been asked by an enterprising dime-museum keeper to enter into competition for the world's moustache championship.

THE INDIAN is the copper-faced type of humanity. Any printer will explain this joke.

A NOVEL HAS just been announced with the title "In Haying-Time." We suppose it must have a grass-plot.



THE ABOLITION OF THE SYSTEM OF "TIPPING" WAITERS.
ONE CASE WHERE IT DIDN'T WORK.



"The practice of seeing waiters is a pernicious one, James. I have decided to abandon it hereafter."



First Day under the New System.--Kept waiting forty-eight minutes for a chop and a cup of coffee.



Second Day.—Finds his favorite table, which has invariably been reserved for him, already occupied.



Third Day.—An "accident."



Fourth Day.—Another "accident"—he gets the only rickety chair in the house.



Fifth Day.—"The practice of giving moderate fees to waiters is an exceedingly sensible one, in my opinion —here's a dollar for you, James."

THE THEOLOGICAL PRESS-AGENT.

The principle of judicious advertising has come to be recognized as the foundation of business success, so little given is this world to hiding its light under a bushel. No successful merchant is now without his advertising-agent, and the A. A. is an important factor in the management of theatres, circuses, and political campaigns. There only remains one field for him which as yet lies fallow, but the time is not far distant when it will be as highly cultivated as the others. We allude to the theological advertising business. This may sound preposterous, and some of our more conservative readers may doubt its truth; but it is a fact, nevertheless. The person we describe is needed, and with his advent we may look for a new era of clerical usefulness. There are many reasons for this.

To make a church popular and the receipts plentious, it must be advertised. Alas, too many of our city temples are obliged to dismiss their quartette choirs, cut down their preachers' salaries, institute church-fairs and religious dramatic entertainments, to make both ends meet. This results from a want of advertising. Church-goers, nowadays, must be amused. They must be drawn to worship by some attraction. The poor preachers, recognizing this fact, try to supply that want by their own unaided efforts. Thus we have church scandals, sensational sermons, heterodoxy, plagiarism, acrobatics, infidelity, eccentricity and other pulpit freaks.

The fallacy of this course has become patent to every observing church-goer. In the first place, it is absurd to expect a clergyman to preach two sermons every Sunday, attend prayer-meeting, christen the young, marry the grown, visit the sick, bury the dead, overlook the Sunday-school, and perform the hundred and one tasks which make the preacher's life so full of trouble, and at the same time attend to his newspaper advertising.

Then, again, few clergymen are versatile enough, or have a sufficient knowledge of the world, to correctly estimate the temper of their congregations. This often results in a well-meaning but ill-advised preacher going to the theatre, and betting on the election, in a straight-laced congregation which might wink at tipping, but can never forgive such senseless frivolities as these popular amusements. Then, also, a clergyman inflicts a heretical sermon upon a congregation that would only be too pleased to meet him at the opera, or win his money on the race-course.

These errors of judgement would all be obviated by the employment of a well-informed, observing press-agent. It would be his duty to mingle with the parishioners and learn their temper. He would discover what congregations would stand a scandal and what ones would not. What churches would admit of heterodoxy, and what ones would demand the reverse. To those that would stand nothing of this sort he would have to give a different kind of sensation. It is here that his peculiar talents would shine.

When a painstaking but commonplace domine sees his congregation dwindling away, and finds himself powerless to avert the disaster which stares him in the face, he can seek his advertising-agent, and find fame and popularity at the same time. Such a man could be advertised as studying for the stage, or he might have personals published in the daily paper to the effect that he had recently imported a fine wardrobe from Paris. If he were a country parson, he might have his jewelry advertised as having been stolen. These measures would be a wonderful relief to the struggling clergy. The rector of a fashionable Fifth Avenue congregation could be published as being a member of the British aristocracy in disguise. This would unquestionably fill his church and treasury to overflowing. If the ministerial press-agent had only been invented years ago, what a priceless boon he would have been to the cause of popular religion!

Dr. Talmage might have avoided his tiresome course of pulpit athletics. Mr. Beecher need not have changed his creed half so many times as he has done, and Parson Newman might have led a peaceful life in his Madison Avenue tabernacle, instead of becoming the target for bricks, law-suits and other theological missiles.

By the way, we may remark that it is not a clerical press-agent that Parson Newman requires so much as a guardian, and a wild waste of deep and impenetrable solitude. There is such a thing as being too widely advertised, even for a preacher.

BALLADE OF YOUTHFUL FOLLIES.



I.
At night, o'er a pipe and a glass,
'Tis solid enjoyment to sit,
Unheeding the hours that pass,
The shadowy phantoms that flit.
When the fire and chandelier's lit,
Shining bright on the boards where we play,
We don't care for sorrow a whit—
But we pay for it all the next day!



II.
In laughter each seeks to surpass,
No song or *bon-mot* we omit,
And a toast circles round to the lass
Whose charms we are pledged to admit.
From duties and cares we're acquit,
And we drink to our idols of clay;
Oh, we fancy "Old Time" we outwit—
But we pay for it all the next day!



III.
When during the social cuirass
We dance till the gray dawn is lit,
A man never thinks what an ass
He has made of himself. Not a bit
Does he care if his white kids are split,
That his coat is with pearl-powder gray;
He has flirted, and p'rhaps he is smit—
But we pay for it all the next day!

GONE AT LAST.

For many years men have regarded with more or less suspicion the thrilling stories which have come from the sea in regard to the sea-serpent. Coupled with freely expressed disbelief in the tales there has been an undefined feeling of terror, none the less perceptible because efforts have been made to conceal it. This fear has shown that men have, in the secret recesses of their hearts, entertained a faith in the reality of the sea-serpent, however unwilling they may have been to admit it. Why any one should be smitten with fear of the sea-serpent is something difficult to explain. He has never yet been known to do anything worse than appear. Appearing, except in the case of some actors, can hardly be called a crime. The popular feeling toward the sea-serpent can only be explained by supposing that he bears the same relation to the adult mind as the bugaboo does to the childish imagination.

However, the human race is at last relieved of this fear. The news comes from Santa Barbara County, California, that the sea-serpent has been found on dry land dead. This cheerful intelligence will be hailed with joy. That curiosity which is natural to us all causes a regret that the obituary notice of the marine bogy was not more extensive and detailed. We are not told whether he died of pneumonia, or of rheumatism, or of *tic doloureux*, or, like the Irishman's friend, of a Tuesday. Nor have we any account of his birth, education, early struggles, or war-record. A character so widely known and deeply respected deserved a longer and more appreciative review of his career.

There is one class of persons who will sincerely mourn his decease. The great field of



ENVY.
Death summons us all, we submit,
And the black curtain falls on our play,
On its songs and its dances and wit—
For we pay for it all the next day!

Western humor will bewail the loss of a being whose supposititious movements furnished food for its articles and the families of its writers. The sea-serpent was theirs; he is Eternity's. Thus one by one the roses fade, and the hack humorist, as he drops his tear on the grave of the sea-serpent, will feel like the unhappy man who never reared a young gazelle to glad him with its tender eyes without its promptly sinking into the grave as soon as it reached years of discretion.

And this suggests a reason why the sea-serpent is dead. He probably committed suicide. His life has not been a happy one, for his every movement has been the subject of many scurilous and abusive remarks of an alleged humorous nature. I have always deprecated this unhappy custom of making an individual's private life the subject of cheap comments in the daily press. Here is a terrible example: The sea-serpent driven to an untimely death, when he might have lived many years to make the world happy by his innocent caperings.

W. J. HENDERSON.

AESOP REVISED.

Once upon a time the animals of a Certain zoölogical garden were taken out of their cages for Recreation to a park near by. The dangerous animals were Secured with chains fastened around trees, and the harmless ones allowed to Roam about the park and enjoy themselves as they saw Fit.

Finally an Old Bear noticed a Little Monkey swinging idly to and fro by his Tail from a very high limb.

"That looks quite cool and comfortable," Observed the bear, with a grin: "I think I'll go Aloft and try the same diversion."

So the old bear, whose chain was of sufficient Length to enable him to ascend half way to the top of the Tree, lost no time in encompassing it, and proceeding slowly but surely Upward.

Broad and sunny were the smiles that flitted Along the old bear's jaw as he moved toward the monkey, Who was still swinging by his tail like a Pendulum.

"Oh, what a nice breezy time I shall have," he Said: "It will be far better than wearing my hind-legs Out sitting down there playing with a pole, as the wind goes whistling Through my whiskers."

By this time the bear had reached a Nice strong limb, and he made no delay in winding what tail he had about it. He then let himself drop, and he didn't stop until he hit the Ground, which he did with such force that the concussion knocked the false Teeth out of the keeper, who was sitting near by.

MORAL.

The moral of this little fable teaches Us that if imitation is the sincerest flattery, it is Also death to the imitator.

R. K. M.

CURRENT COMMENT.

IT is said that nothing but suffering makes a poet. This is not so. A genuine poet never suffers unless an editor prints his sonnet, and gets out of remunerating him by pretending that he considered it a gratuitous contribution. If suffering alone made a poet, we should think winter car-drivers and summer oyster-fryers would fill the realm of song with lyrics that could easily remove the hosiery, or knock the socks, as they say in Boston, off any of the old birds, from Theocritus to Walt Whitman.

WE ARE a splendid Greek scholar, and we are very much—in fact, more than very much obliged to you, Althea Murphy; for asking us if "telephone" is from the Greek. It is from the Greek, Althea Murphy; it is very much from the Greek. It is as much from the Greek as Little Rock Blaine is not from Arkansaw. It is derived from two words, *viz*: "tele," to get there, and "phone," to holler.

A WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT says that "the last time Collector Hedden was in Washington, he called at the White House and shook the President's hand." And yet some people have intimated that Collector Hedden has been puffed up by office and become proud. We are pleased to learn that this is not the case.

HERCULES WILSON, a colored member of the Georgia Legislature, has resigned because he can make more money out of his trade. The Georgia Legislature, we fear, offers few inducements to a thrifty statesman since the time of the carpet-baggers.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, of San Francisco, has written a cook-book which contains "the best recipes ever known to the world." Evidently the mantle of truthfulness has not descended upon the California branch of the family.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS
ON THE
FIRST-PAGE CARTOON IN NUMBER 150 OF
OUR ESTEEMED CONTEMPORARY,
*LIFE.**

WHAT THE PRINCE OF WALES SAYS:
"I never knew before that there was so much in the theatre."

WHAT EDITOR STEAD SAYS:
"It beats the *Pall Mall Gazette* all hollow."

WHAT PASTOR DOWNES SAYS:
"Truly beautiful."

WHAT THE CZAR OF RUSSIA SAYS:
"After seeing that picture, I am no longer afraid of the Nihilists."

Answers for the Anxious.

BIRD.—You cannot warble here.

J. JIMPLECUTE.—We must lay aside your poem for the present. For what present? Why, for a present to our office-goat.

R. S. W.—The mossy marbles rest on the lips that first uttered that joke. So far as we are concerned, they may continue to rest.

LOOMIS.—We had sincerely hoped that you were composing your jokes on the other side of the Styx, by this time. Your presence in this vale of tears is an elegant superfluity.

M. M. M.—Don't despair. If a cold and heartless world turns its back on your poems, they will always find a warm place and a hearty welcome in our waste-paper basket.

* To avoid complications with Mr. A—y C—st—k, we refrain from reproducing the picture.

THE NEW RAT-CATCHER.



"SET A RAT TO CATCH RATS."

HURRAH FOR ART!

Goldsmith or some other philosopher once remarked, in one of his essays, that "a man who is capable of thinking at all when hungry is a demigod on a full stomach." It is also a rather trite axiom that if you want to reach a man's soul, you can only do it through his stomach. This may seem a sad fact, especially to people who, like Shelley, regard eating as barbarous and unspiritual; but it is, nevertheless, true that no man is happier than he who has an easy digestion, a keen appetite, and a good cook.

As it was in the past it is to-day—happiness and eating go hand in hand. If a man meets another, he frequently tells him he has a well-fed look, to convey to him the impression that he is considered in excellent health. A first-class cook, though a menial, often receives a higher salary than a book-keeper who handles the bank's money not wisely, but too well. The human sandwiches that walk along the street with restaurant banners on their shoulders dispense sunshine in hearts that are shrouded in gloom. But we trust the day is not far distant when, instead of a man's soul being reached through his stomach, his stomach will be reached through his soul. This will be a great day for refinement and civilization, when, instead of eating for the enjoyment of the soul, it will only be necessary to look upon something beautiful to satisfy the cravings of the stomach.

A man will arise from a sick-bed thin and emaciated. If he be a poor man out of whose reach are Bass's ale and porterhouse-steak, he can take a pleasant stroll up Fifth Avenue and fill himself to repletion, and gain flesh looking at the pretty girls lightly hopping to their shopping.

Tramps who cannot afford to eat can get dyspepsia and gout looking at the beautiful sunny landscape through which they are passing. Tramps in the city will frequent art-galleries, and restaurants will serve works of art to be looked at, instead of food to eat. The hungry person will sit down and order what he wants to look at, and the Ethiopian will loudly scream: "One Corot!" or "Géromes for two!" or "One Rogers's Group, and be lively about it!"

Swell dinners will be given, and the menus composed entirely of pictures, which will be served in courses, one at a time. Butcher-shops will turn into picture-stores, and grocers into statue-shops. Men who can't take the time from business to step out for their meridian Cropsy can have Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words" come to them from a Steam Melody Catering Company somewhere in the neighborhood.

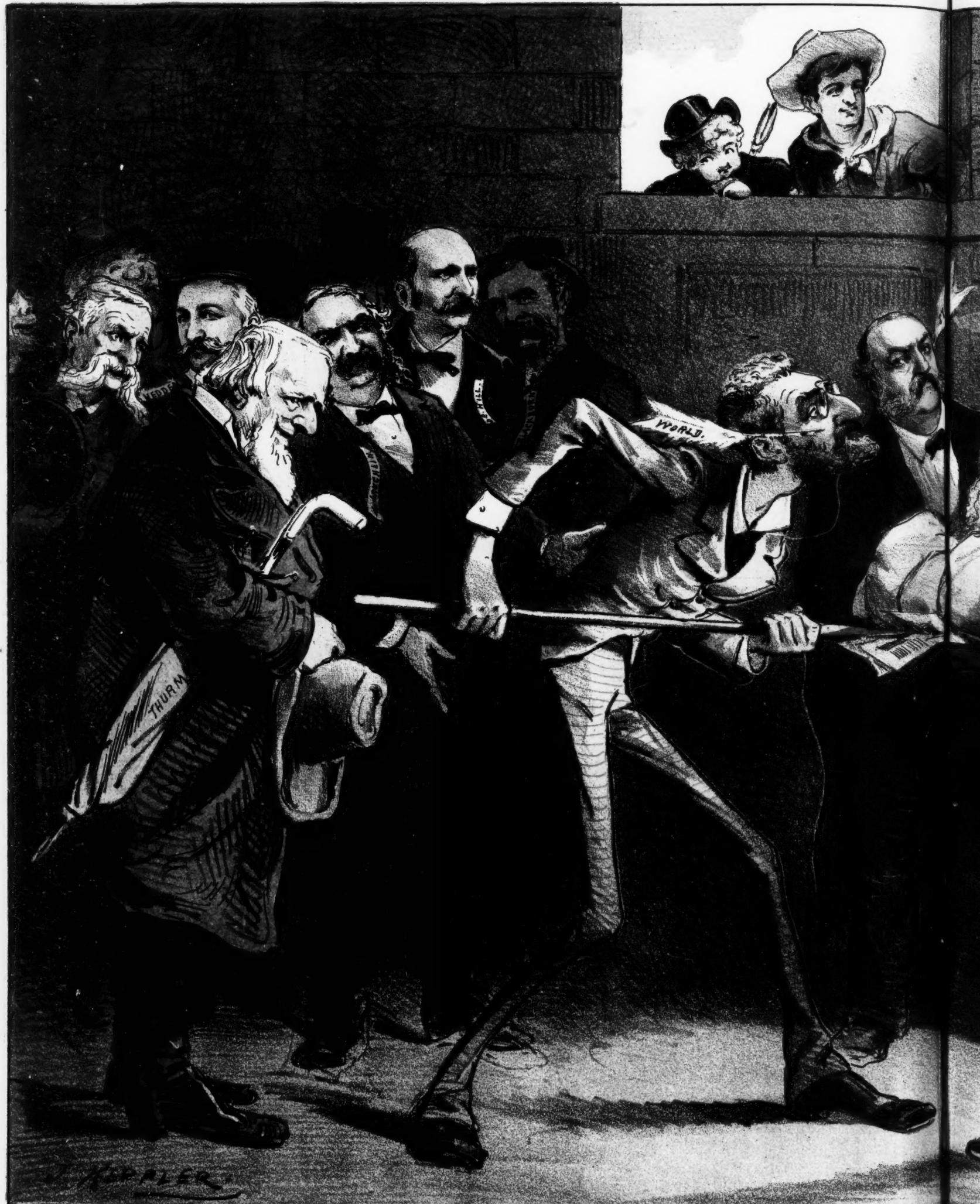
Organ-grinders will be supported by the city to feed the poor, and philanthropists will put up public pictures, just as they now erect public fountains. A man who gets bilious on Meissonier can cure himself merely by gazing upon a chromo. Prize-fighters, to reduce their flesh, will go to Central Park to look at the statues. But people who want to get fat as seals and happy as kings will step down Warren Street, and take in PUCK's bulletin-board, and be stalled inside of five minutes. In those days an army can be sustained without food. Give each soldier a copy of PICKINGS FROM PUCK—of all newsdealers, price twenty-five cents—and he can squelch his hunger without stopping fighting, and be made happy at the same time.

R. K. M.

MR. JOHN L. SULLIVAN is reported to have met Mr. Paddy Ryan recently.

"I warn you," remarked Mr. Ryan: "that the next time I meet you I am going to whip you."

"What?" said Mr. Sullivan, laconically: "Again?"



A "BOGUS" CREMATION FOR THE BENEFIT
UNCREMATED MUGWUMP (*from outside*).—"If those old Bourbons take that dump for me

CK.



BELFIT OF THE "LIFE-LONG DEMOCRATS."
dumb for me, they'll be a little startled when they find out that I'm alive—and kicking!"

THE GENIUS AND THE DRESS-MAKER.

A LAMENT, IN SIX BARS.

Woe is me, Nevada!
My Paris wedding-dress,
To paralyze the public,
Has not been a success!

Woe is me, Nevada!
That Solomon of men
Has played our game so shrewdly
That we are left again.

Woe is me, Nevada!
That all his talk of me,
And of my wedding-breakfast,
And who was there to see—

Woe is me, Nevada!
Should profit us no more,
Nor bag a single dollar
Superfluous at the door.

Woe is me, Nevada!
The people and the press,
Alas, have failed to see it,
And smile at my distress.

Woe is me, Nevada!
I'll wing me to the West;
There they will know a singer
Is great, if she's well dressed.
PI QUIT.

IF CYRUS ERECTS A NEW ANDRÉ MONUMENT AT TAPPAN—



the Only Way in which he can Preserve it from the Dynamite Fiends is to Organize a Guard Composed of Elevated Railroad Brakemen, Telegraph-Operators and Messenger-Boys, and Command them Himself.

TROCHES.

WE DON'T hear much about General Lee's body-servant, just now. In fact, we don't know who he was, and are not at all certain that General Lee had such a thing as a body-servant. But in thirty or forty years he will be very numerous and conspicuous. Every darkey met on Virginia soil will tell you he was Lee's body-servant, and regale you with various interesting anecdotes not to be found in history. But, at the same time, no negro will report the fact that he was Mahone's body-servant. If he was Mahone's servant, he will be silent on the subject, for fear of injuring his granddaughter's matrimonial chances, or destroying his chances of working a drink out of the tourist and curiosity-hunter.

A CRAZY-WORK show is now being held in the Masonic Temple. We have not yet attended this great collection of crazy-work, but imagine, to be complete, or anything like complete, it must include the poetical works of the Sweet Singer of Michigan, and those of Bloodgood Cutter, the Homer of Long Island. It should also display some instantaneous photographs of Talmage in action, and a good variety of French clocks.

ONE OF our exchanges has quite a long and picturesque advertisement of a surgeon who has just invented a contrivance which he calls a patent hoof-expander. We know nothing of its virtue; but we have been told by opera-singers who have been there and ought to know, that a walk home from Peoria over railroad-ties is about the quickest, as well as the best hoof-expander extant.

A MAN WHO OWNS several hundred acres out in the Orange Mountain region of New Jersey is very anxious to sell it in building-lots. After speaking of the natural beauty of the country and the delightful views, he braces his hearer up by stating that the air is so pure that a skeleton-wagon develops into a beer-truck inside of a month after getting there.

"BEYOND THE GRAVE" is the title of a new book. We don't know who wrote it, but personal memoirs of this nature would be welcomed by the community from some men whom it is unnecessary to name.

THE COLLEGE-STUDENTS of Japan have held a regatta, but it will be a good many years before the cause of the higher education has made enough advancement in Japan for five or six students to be killed in a game of foot-ball. Civilization is difficult to acquire in the Orient.

SOME UNPRINCIPLED agriculturists in the West are imposing upon their bees by giving them artificial honey-combs. It is a mean man who would fool an industrious but simple-minded bee, and when the deception is found out, we shudder to contemplate the result.

So you think a peck is composed of four quarts, do you? We don't wish to be unjustly critical, but it is our opinion that you never tested the measurement of a peck of vegetables purchased from a street-vender.

HE STILL LIVES.

"If I lose," said a great prize-fighter:
"I'll weight myself with rock,
And stealthily steal to the river,
And jump from the lonely dock."

That day in the roped arena
The mighty champion found
A little fellow who knocked him
Stiff in the seventh round.

When revived, to the chilly river
He never stole by stealth,
But traveled to Colorado,
To repair his hammered health.

A NEW DISEASE has just been discovered, which bears the euphonious name of "opisthoporia." From the name, one would naturally conclude it to be a fashionable malady only enjoyed by royalty and the nobility. But this is not so. It is caused by hard drinking, and is, therefore, within reach of all. The peculiarity of the disease is that the sufferer can never get rid of it, and it causes him to move backward all his life. This sort of thing would, no doubt, be very unpleasant to a man thus affected hurrying down a crowded street to catch a ferry-boat; and it would also be very amusing to see a person with this trouble, while engaged in playing foot-ball, stand on his hands and kick backward like a mule.

CURRENT COMMENT.

AN INDIAN CLUB—
The "Calumet."

IF JOSEPH ever put his coat of many colors on his bed at night, he certainly slept under the first crazy-quilt on record.

THE PUGILIST who is sufficiently courageous to face Ryan is apt to get Paddywhack.

THANKS, AWFULLY, for the information so lavishly ladled out. We never knew the leather-market was in Spruce Street before. We had an idea that the chewing-gum market covered that locality.

LADIES-IN-WAITING
Old Maids.

RHYMES.

WE LOVE the balmy summer,
With all its flowers sweet,
When we can walk in our dusters cool
Along the noisy street.
But, oh, the grim cold weather
That we can hardly stand
We quite prefer, because it makes
The old street-band disband.

TWO THINGS a poet e'er remembers well,
Although his heart be cold and hard as flint:
One is the way his breast does proudly swell
When his first lyric he observes in print.

The other is the way that editors
Twist up his dainty odes to light their lamps,
And on him close their murky office doors,
After they've pocketed his postage-stamps.

NOW TENNIS is done for, we seek not the spot
Where o'er the net we sent flying the ball—
A little blue ribbon, tied in a bow-knot,
The cork-handled racket secures to the wall;
Through the winter it hangs on the paper of
gold,
Like a rare bit of *bric-a-brac* foreign and old.

A LEAFLESS TREE stands on the lonely highway,
The winds all through it melancholy moan,
All gaunt and withered it seems, like some ancient
Decrepit crone.

Yet lingers on its trunk a sign of summer—
The dear dead summer now a misty dream—
For nailed securely to it is a sign-board:
"Murphy's Ice-cream."

THE LEAVES are off the wayside trees,
They're blown in the walk by every breeze,
Red and russet, spotted with gold;
As you plod along you are sure to behold
They're two feet deep, and they make you sick,
When your foot discovers the ambushed brick.

NO MORE the postman whistles
When you are deep in cares,
And lets you for your letter
Run down eight flights of stairs.
He climbs the stairs and hands you
Your letter with a smile,
Because he knows that Christmas
Comes in a little while.

THE UNINTELLECTUAL LIFE.

After Philip Gilbert Hamerton.

LETTER IV.

To a Philistine Who Praised Beethoven.

So it seems that you have got yourself into that state of mind in which you feel the necessity of praising something in music. You have been going into society long enough to know that music is fashionable. You have heard young ladies just out of boarding-school discussing the merits of Bach, Mozart, Beethoven and Wagner in a manner that filled you with wonder as to how they obtained such an intimate acquaintance with these composers by simply learning to play the compositions of H. A. Wollenhaupt and Sydney Smith on the piano. That problem has puzzled a great many other persons until they have learned what a finishing-school is for.

You have been asked so often who is your favorite composer that you have had to select one, and you have chosen Beethoven, because he is a safe standard to hold aloft.

If you had chosen Bach, honest people would have wondered how the deuce you could tolerate the old scale-worm.

If you had selected Wagner, you would have had to defend yourself against a whole army of conservatives who are not yet prepared for a new school in music, but prefer to continue taking the syrup and squills of the old.

But nobody ever says anything against Beethoven. He is just as safe to admire as Shakespeare. No one will ever question you—not even the most confirmed Wagnerite, because his master has told him that Beethoven was a great musician.

Now, I should not so much object to your selection of Beethoven, although you care nothing about him, if it did not put you in the ranks of a wide class of intolerable nuisances. Allow me to explain.

There are many young musicians of the present day who are doing very commendable work as composers. I don't know that there are any very great men among them. I have not discovered a Mozart, nor a Händel, nor a Schumann, nor a Berlioz among them. But they are doing graceful, intelligent and agreeable work.

Now, these young men are compelled to fight their way against many obstacles. That is always the case, you know. Talent without assurance can accomplish very little.

Well, imagine their feelings, if you can, when they meet some of those intolerable nuisances who never see any good in music outside of Beethoven.

Imagine the feelings of the conductors who want to produce new works and give the art of music some chance to advance, when they are confronted by the ceaseless cry of "Beethoven!"

Now, no one questions Beethoven's greatness for a moment. But man cannot live by Beethoven alone. If every one had felt that Beethoven was all-sufficient, we should never have had the works of Schubert, or Schumann, or Wagner, and the rest of Beethoven's successors.

Besides, the art of music is young yet. Beethoven himself died not so tremendously long ago. If you think that in praising Beethoven you are showing your reverence for some one who has the sacred dust of antiquity scattered over his bosom, you are mistaken. Beethoven is hopelessly modern. So are Mozart and Händel and Haydn. None of them dates back as far as the middle ages. B. C. was lost in the dim darkness of remote centuries before they were born. And Wagner, the latest and, in opera, the greatest of all composers, has but just died. Therefore, you are not reveling in the antique when you stand by Beethoven.

And now let me call your attention to another interesting fact. When you hurl Beethoven into the face of a young and aspiring musician, who is seeking for something new in his art, just remember that he knows a heap more about Beethoven than you do.

The young musician, who is aiming at the advancement of his art, stands on the topmost pinnacle of all that has gone before him and looks thence into the future. He can see a good deal further than you can.

He knows Beethoven through and through, from alpha to omega. He has studied the full scores of all the symphonies until he can tell if Thomas's orchestra drops a single note. He knows the string quartettes, backward and forward. He knows the masses, the concertos and even the oratorio and the opera of Beethoven up and down.

And, what is more, he goes to hear them whenever he can get a chance. He can't study them too often.

Therefore, let the young musician alone. And let every one else alone. Why don't you be honest and admit that you do not care for Beethoven, nor any other classical music?

Why don't you tell the truth, and acknowledge that the storm in the pastoral symphony conveys to your mind just as good an idea of a child tumbling down-stairs as of any more poetic convulsion of nature? Why don't you admit that the ninth symphony bores you nearly to death, and the fifth drives you to the verge of suicide? Why don't you tell us that you never heard a Beethoven quartette but once, and that you then went out and drank two bottles of wine to work off the effect?

It's no disgrace to a man not to appreciate high-class music. Nine-tenths of the people who go to hear it don't care a snap about it. They derive their knowledge of it from the criticisms of the daily press, and they go to hear it because they have been told that an appreciation of classical music is a mark of refinement and culture. So it is; but there are plenty of men and women who have genuine refinement and broad culture who don't care a snap for any music higher than the "Mikado."

If you like Sullivan, say so. Don't be ashamed of it. He is the best of his kind. So is Dave Graham the best in his line, and Strauss the best in his. If you like light music, don't be ashamed of it.

Hector Berlioz said that music was the art of moving by melody and harmony men who were trained to appreciate the work. He knew that classical music was an acquired taste. I have

no patience with a man who has never paid any attention to music at all, and yet is ready to declare, the very first time that he hears a Beethoven symphony, that it is grand. He doesn't tell the truth. He doesn't know whether it is grand or not.

Don't you imitate these people. Be independent enough and honest enough to admit that you don't care for classical music. Say you like Meyerbeer, if you do like him. People may not approve of your taste; but they will respect your honesty.

And you may take my word for this: positive honesty is a great deal scarcer nowadays than cultivated taste. W. J. HENDERSON.

MAJOR ANDRE.

A brave man—no one breathes a breath
Against his character or blood—
He lived a life of loyal faith
And did his duty as he could.
But ere a stone is raised for him
On soil he happened to assail,
How would it do in London town
To put up one to Nathan Hale?

—Boston Post.

"JOHN, father and mother are coming tomorrow to spend the week, and I do hope you will be nice while they are here."

"I am sorry to say that I have an important engagement that will keep me away all the week."

"This is the first time you have said anything about any engagement."

"I know it, but I meant to speak about it tonight."

"Oh, I was mistaken; it's next week they're coming."

"Then I'll put off my engagement, as I don't want to leave you alone."—Lowell Citizen.

FOR THE BEST MUSIC BOXES.
H. GAUTSCHI & SONS, Mfrs., 1030 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Cataract, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 140 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

Advertisements or changes of advertisements on 12th, 13th and 14th pages of PUCK must be handed in on Wednesday before 3 P. M. Forms of the 15th page are closed Friday at noon.



HE TAKES THE CAKE.

CLARENCE.—"Really, Miss Minnie, everything in your house seems so bright that I would like to steal the principal agent."
MISS MINNIE.—"I can easily assist you in that line."
CLARENCE.—"Now, really, you overjoy me."
MISS MINNIE.—"Oh, it's very simple. Buy a cake of Sapolio and you can go home happy."

What is Sapolio? It is a solid, handsome cake of scouring soap, which has no equal for all scouring purposes except the laundry. To use it is to value it. What will Sapolio do? Why, it will clean paint, make oil-cloths bright, and give the floors, tables and shelves a new appearance. It will take the grease off the dishes and off the pots and pans. You can scour the knives and forks with it, and make the tin things shine brightly. The wash-basin, the bath-tub, even the greasy kitchen sink will be as clean as a new pin if you use Sapolio. One cake will prove all we say. Be a clever little housekeeper and try it. Beware of imitations. There is but one Sapolio. Enoch Morgan's Sons Co., N. Y.

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PUCK.

HOAR REDIVIVUS.

My heart is sad, my woe is deep,
I cannot eat, I cannot sleep,
My han'kercher in tears I steep,
Still for the colored man I weep.

I love that colored man a heap,
My faith to him I'll ever keep;
And, though the tears are rather cheap,
Still for the colored man I weep.

Boston Post.

In the celebrated dialogue which occurred between Alexander and the robber, the latter explained that he stole from the rich to give to the poor. Our modern charity fairs are conducted upon the same principles.—*Boston Transcript.*

It is announced that the Massachusetts State's Prison is so full that there isn't room for even one prisoner more. We trust that our readers will observe this fact and not commit any state's prison offenses just at present.—*Somerville Journal.*

THE "Judic corset" is advertised. From the embonpoint appearance of the French actress, there must be a great deal of waist in a Judic corset. American girls prefer something with more squeeze about it.—*Norristown Herald.*

WHEN the Post-Office Department undertook to expedite letters for ten cents apiece, it apparently did not take into account the utter powerlessness of ten cents to expedite the ordinary small boy.—*Somerville Journal.*

IT is said that Miss Burt, the young Illinoisess, who was raised from her death-bed by prayer, has eloped with Pastor Kent, who leaves a wife and four children. This was a bad raise.—*N. O. Picayune.*

ARCHDEACON FARRAR is being banqueted so much since his arrival in this country that there is some danger of the Canon bursting.—*Norristown Herald.*

THE Philadelphia News speaks of "the bustle of the future." The future is before us. Is the bustle to be worn the same way?—*Norristown Herald.*

Philosophers say that affairs should always be conducted with a view to the greatest good of the greatest number. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup has demonstrated itself to be of the greatest good to the greatest number of sufferers.

If you suffer from looseness of the bowels, Angostura Bitters will surely cure you. Beware of counterfeits and ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, prepared by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

E P P S ' S GRATEFUL—COMFORTING. COCOA

THE CELEBRATED SOHMER PIANOS

ARE AT PRESENT THE MOST POPULAR
AND PREFERRED BY LEADING ARTISTS.

WAREROOMS:

149, 151, 153, 155 East 14th Street, N. Y.
SOHMER & CO.
CHICAGO, ILL.: NO. 209 WABASH AVENUE.

SANDIFER,

(Formerly Under Fifth Avenue Hotel),
Fifth Ave. Diamond Jeweler
and Bric à Brac,
Twenty-Seventh Street and Broadway.

OPEN IN THE EVENING UNTIL CHRISTMAS.

321

OPTICAL GOODS

Microscopes, Telescopes, Field and Opera Glasses, Magic Lanterns, etc., also, Barometers, Thermometers, Compasses, Batteries, Drawing, Drainage, Dairy, and other Scientific Instruments. 192 pp. Catalogue free. 322

PRENTICE & SON, Mfg Opticians, 178 B'way, N.Y.

STEIN'S SAFETY

Stocking Supporters.

NO MORE BLOOD-STRANGLING GARTERS.

Recommended by all the Leading Physicians.

Children's one attachment,	6c. a pair.
" two "	8c. "
Misses' " "	10c. "
Ladies' " "	13c. "
Misses' with a belt,	18c. "
Ladies' " "	20c. "
Stocking, abdominal, and Catamenial Bandage Supporter combined	5c. "
Health Skirt Supporter,	25c. "
Brighton Gents' Garter,	15c. "

FOR SALE BY ALL FIRST-CLASS STORES.

LEWIS STEIN,

Sole Owner and Manufacturer,
178 Centre Street, New York.



301



RED CROWN
25¢
WIDTH OF FRONT 2 IN.
ETIQUETTE



CLUETT'S
CROWN COLLARS
AND
MONARCH SHIRTS
SOLD BY LEADING DEALERS

302

THE BEST HAIR DRESSING COCAINE

It kills Dandruff, promotes the Growth of the Hair, cures Scald Head and all Irritation of the Scalp.

JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

325

FOR WINTER.

After exposure to intense cold, the use of a hot drink made of a teaspoonful or two of the **GENUINE BROWN'S GINGER** causes the skin to act well and sustains and refreshes. REMEMBER! the Genuine, Old-fashioned, real Ginger is made in Philadelphia by **FREDERICK BROWN.**

TRY IT ON.

TO THE PUBLIC.
OUR STOCK OF
DOMESTIC & IMPORTED WOOLENS
HAS NEVER BEEN SURPASSED.

The Latest Designs. Newest Colorings.

Business Suits to order from \$20.00
Trousers " " 5.00
Dress Suits " " 30.00
Fall Overcoats " " 18.00

Dicoll
The Tailor.

Nos. 145, 147, 149 Bowery

and

No. 771 BROADWAY,

Opposite Stewart's, New York.

Samples and rules for self-measurement sent on application.

Cocaine is now put up in
two sizes. 50 & 100.

THIS style of ready-made interviews, in regular stereotype blocks, is being peddled to patent-inside papers by an enterprising Philadelphia journalist. It is a talk with a newly arrived actress, and is quite an improvement over the old-style interviews that wasted so much type and increased the bill in the composing-room:

"———?"

"Oh, ever so much," with a delighted little laugh: "I think the people are so kind—so appreciative, you know."

"———?"

"That depends. Of course my stay in America will be regulated by my manager. As for myself, I could live here forever."

"———?"

"They are simply beautiful. Our European theatres are so old-fashioned, and the decorations are dull and uninviting. There's so much more of life and sparkle in the American theatre that one is enthused at once."

"———?"

"Much more. But then they are kinder in their criticisms. I just felt like crying last night, when they called me before the curtain the last time."

"———?"

"I believe so. I am sure I shall like the West. From all that I have heard, they are a rugged, whole-souled sort of people out there, who, while rough in their way, are sincere in their praise. Oh, yes; I think I would be just perfectly delighted."

"———?"

"Not after we were three days out, but during the first forty-eight hours I never left my berth. It's an awfully nasty sensation, isn't it?"

To this can be added an interview with the same actress when she returns to England or Bog-mallah, or wherever her home may be. It can be put in a very few words, and ought to run something like this:

"———?"

"Yes, arrived yesterday. Thanks. Had an awfully jolly time."

"———?"

"Oh, they're a rum lot. They like blood-curdling drama; but, to be fashionable, they must come to see all the foreign 'stars.'"

"———?"

(Laughing). "Money seems no object. That's the only good point in American audiences—their willingness to part with their cash."

—Philadelphia News.

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To him who'll not refuse it,
Who takes it, as the Lord has sent,
And then does rightly use it.
Most men, with nothing, have a thought
That life would be a pleasure
If they don't share, in smallest part,
With those who have the treasure.
But, is it true? Experience shows
That, in this world of sorrow,
The man who fights for bread to-day
Will fight for pie to-morrow.

He vows he does not want the earth,

His thoughts are far above it;
The gold of Indus and of Or
His simple tastes don't covet.
A very little meets his wants;
Enough to furnish living,
He says, is all a man should ask,
And thanks the Lord for giving.
But, is it true? Well, if it be,
The truth you'll have to borrow—
The man who fights for bread to-day
Will fight for pie to-morrow.

Of wealth, a fraction's all he asks,

With smallest numerator
Set out in unit bold above

A large denominator.

This makes the sum of all his joys,

Of all his hopes and blisses,

'Tis all he needs, 'tis all he prays,

'Tis bread and cheese and kisses.

But, is it true? Yet bet it ain't,

For, in this world of sorrow,

The man who fights for bread to-day
Will fight for pie to-morrow.

—Merchant Traveler.

You have to call for a säkerheitständstickor in Sweden when you want a match. Usually it is daylight before you get through, and you don't need one. The Swedes are a very economical people.—Somerville Journal.

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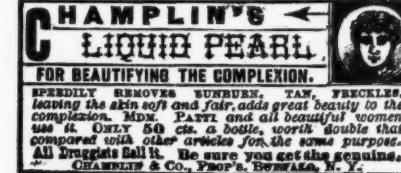
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THE papers announced the arrest of a common councilman the other day. We were aware that it was not exactly moral to belong to the common council, but did not know that it was actually illegal.—*Boston Transcript*.

THIS is about the time of the year that the meek boarder is embarrassed when the landlady asks him to have his seventeenth pan-cake.—*Rochester Express*.

THE New Hampshire *Gazette* is over a hundred years old. It never chewed tobacco, smoked or used spirituous liquors.—*Philad. Call*.

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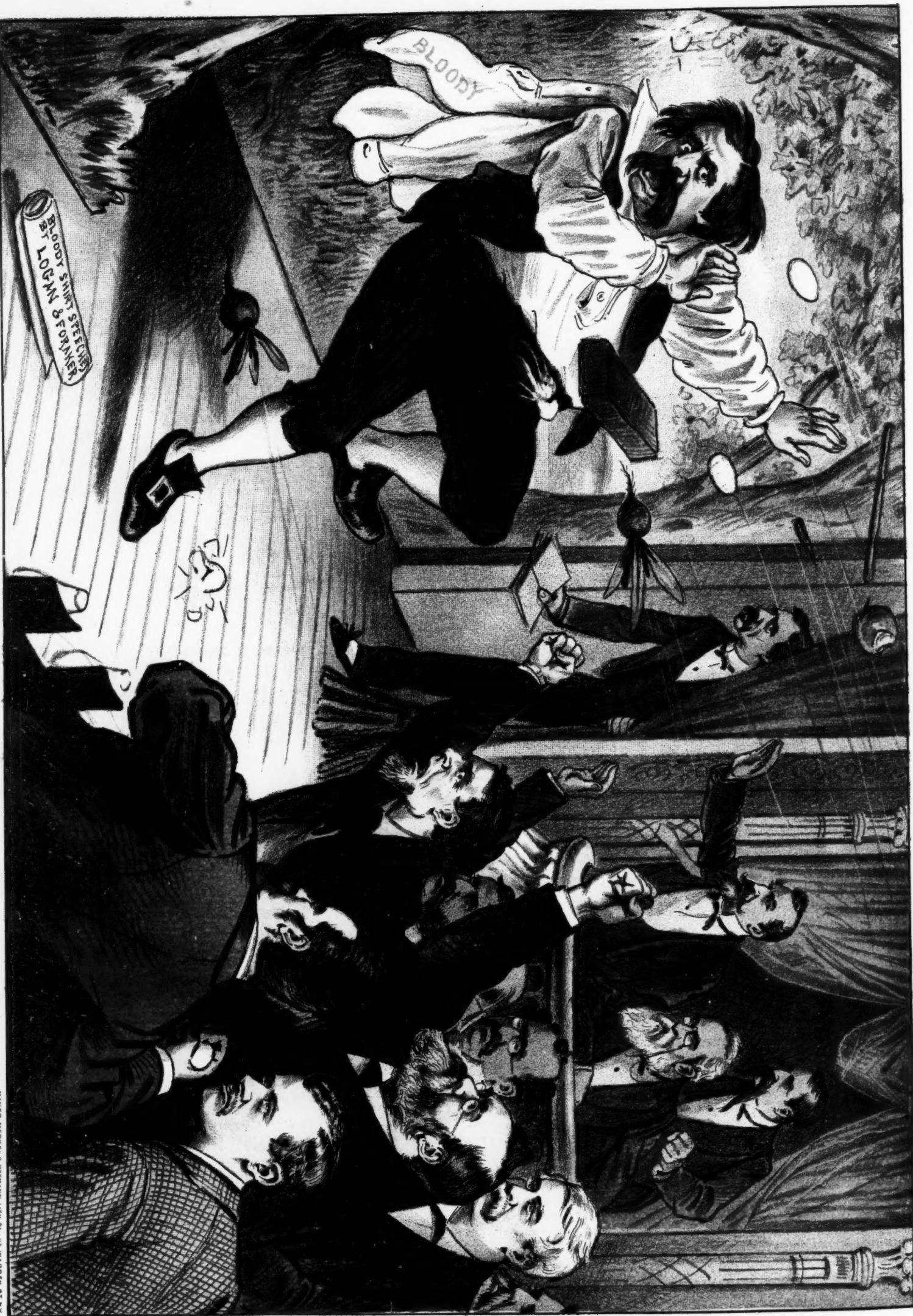
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